Charming Sally.

A Favourite Song, in *Thomas and Sally*.

WHEN late I wander'd o'er the plain,
From nymph to nymph, I ſtrove in vain
My wild deſires to rally;
But now, they're of themſelves come home,
And, ſtrange! no longer ſeek to roam;
They center all in SALLY.

Yet ſhe, unkind one! damps my joy,
And cries, I court but to deſtroy!
Can Love with Ruin tally?
By thoſe dear lips, thoſe eyes, I ſwear,
I would each death, each torment bear,
Rather than injure SALLY.

Come then, oh come! thou ſweeter far,
Than jeſſamine or roſes are,
Or lilies of the valley;
Oh! follow Love, and quit thy fear,
He'll guide you to theſe arms, my dear,
And make me bleſt in SALLY!

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